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CARLYLE AND EMERSON:

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

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CARLYLE AND EMERSON AND THEIR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

According to Mr. Chesterton, "The most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe. We think that for a landlady considering a lodger it is important to know his income, but still more important to know his philosophy. We think that for a general about to fight an enemy, it is important to know the enemy's numbers, but still more important to know the enemy's philosophy. We think the question is not whether the theory of the Cosmos affects matters, but whether in the long run anything else affects them." William James, in his lecture on "Pragmatism", preaches the same doctrine as does Mr. Chesterton: "We each and all have a philosophy, which philosophy is the most interesting and important thing about us, since it determines the perspective in our several worlds,--it is not a technical matter but is more or less a dumb sense of what life honestly and deeply means."

Throughout history the great problem has been the relation of Man to the Universe, but until modern times the Universe was the important subject of thought and Man, only an incident. With the advent of Christianity, however, this attitude was changed, and Man as an individual with a claim to divinity gradually emerged. By the Eighteenth Century, Pope, in his "Essay on Man", sounded the sentiment of the race through

the coming centuries:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

Partly then as a result of this evolution in thought, and partly as the result of revolution, Man, the individual, in his economic, social and ethical relations is the great factor in the life and thought of the Nineteenth and the Twentieth Centuries.--And probably two of the greatest representatives of this attitude, two of the greatest preachers of the divinity of man and the value of his life are Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Men whose lives extended almost throughout the Nineteenth Century, but whose influence cannot be estimated.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

This is the keynote of their philosophy, which philosophy, if it does not solve the mystery of what life "honestly and deeply means",it at least makes life worth while.

The strong friendship which existed between the "Sage of Concord" and the leader of Nineteenth Century British thought, is best illustrated by themselves in their letters to each other which extend over a space of fifty years.

Charles Eliot Norton, in his edition of the"Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson", writes:

"At the beginning of his "English Traits", Mr. Emerson writing of his visit to England in 1833, when he was thirty

years old, says that it was mainly the attraction of three or four writers, of whom Carlyle was one, that had led him to Europe. Carlyle's name was not then generally known, and it illustrates Emerson's mental attitude that he should have thus early recognized his genius, and felt sympathy with it. Carlyle was living solitary, poor, independent, in "desperate hope", at Craigenputtock. On August 24, 1833, he makes entry in his Journal as follows:

'"I am left here the solitariest, stranded, most helpless creature that I have been for many years.-----Nobody asks me to wrok at articles. The thing I want to write is quite other than an article.-----In all times there is a word which spoken to men, to the actual generation of men, would thrill their inmost soul. But the way to find that word? The way to speak if when found?"'--The next entry in his Journal shows that Carlyle had found the word. It is the name "Ralph Waldo Emerson",--the record of Emerson's unexpected visit.

"I shall never forget the visitor", wrote Mrs. Carlyle, long afterwards, "who years ago, in the Desert, descended on us, out of the clouds as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day."

Two days after Emerson's visit Carlyle wrote to his mother:-

"Three little happinesses have befallen us: first a piano tuner, procured for five shillings and sixpence, has been here, entirely reforming our piano, so that I can have a little

music now, which does me no little good. Secondly, Major Irving, of Gribton, who used at this season of the year to live and shoot at Craigenvey, came in one day to us, and after some clatter offered us a rent of five pounds for the right to shoot here, and even tabled the cash that moment, and would not pocket it again. Money easilier won never sat in my pocket; money for delivering us from a great nuisance, for now I will tell every gunner applicant, 'I cannot sir; it is let.' Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French and Italian travels to see me here! He had an introduction from Mill, and a Frenchman (Baron d'Eichthal's Nephew) whom John knew at Rome. Of course we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such purpose. In any case,we had a oheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful."

On the next Sunday, a week after the visit, Emerson wrote the following account of it to his friend, Mr. Alexander Ireland:

"I found him one of the most simple and frank of men,

and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man is that he speaks sincerely; that he feels himself to be rich, that he is above the meaness of pretending to knowledge which he has not, and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world.----- - - -

Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house among desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-posses and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command, clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon. - He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. - - - - - He still returned to English pauperism, the crowded country, the selfish abdication by public men of all that public persons should perform. 'Government should direct poor men what to do. Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors; my dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks, and so found a way to force the rich people to attend to them.'"

Mr. Norton in speaking further of their relations says:

"At the time of this memorable visit Emerson was

morally not less solitary than Carlyle; he was still less known; his name had been unheard by his host in the desert. But his voice was soon to become also the voice of a leader. With temperments sharply contrasted, with traditions, inheritances, circumstances radically different, with views of life and of the universe widely at variance, the souls of these two young men were yet in sympathy, for their characters were based upon the same foundation of principle. In their independence and their sincerity they were alike; they were united in their faith in spiritual truth, and in their reverence for it. Their modes of thought and expression were not merely dissimilar, but even divergent, and yet, though parted by an everwidening cleft of difference, they knew, as Carlyle said, that beneath it 'the rock-strata, miles deep, united again, and their two souls were at one.'"

This then was the beginning of the acquaintance which soon ripened into the sincerest friendship, a friendship the depth of which is echoed in every letter. Carlyle says:

"I do not know another man in all the world to whom I can speak with the clear hope of getting adequate response from him." And Emerson:

"Adieu, my Friend; I feel as if you stood alone with me under the sky. We want but two or three friends, but these we cannot do without, and they serve us in every thought we think."

Soon after Emerson's return to America he began the

correspondence with Carlyle, which, as has been said, continued through the rest of their lives. In these letters they criticised themselves and all others writers; they encouraged and advised, all with the deepest appreciation and brotherly love. Among these letters may be found the aptest criticisms of both English and American writers in their own and past times. Carlyle always talked of visiting America and his room was ever ready in Emerson's home. Emerson managed the publication of the greater part of Carlyle's works and it was American money that brought the comforts to Carlyle's life, which he much needed. Carlyle, many years later, wrote the preface and edited Emerson's Essays, and was therefore able to send him a remittance and joyfully say, "There man! Tit for tat, the reciprocity not all on one side."

Their advice to each other ranged from their manner of life and writing to the kind of spectacles each should wear, and their gifts from a barrel of corn meal and a bag of popcorn to Carlyle's collection of books which he had used in writing "Cromwell" and "Friedrich the Great". In respect to the former Carlyle writes:

"Nay, there is another practical question, but it is from the female side of the house to the female side,--and in fact concerns Indian meal, upon which Mrs. Emerson, or you, or the miller of Concord (if he have any tincture of philosophy) are now to instruct us! The fact is, potatoes having vanished here, we are again, with motives large and small, trying to

learn the use of Indian meal; and indeed do eat it daily to meat at dinner, though hitherto with considerable despair. Question first, therefore: Is there by nature a bitter final taste, which makes the throat smart, and disheartens much the apprentice in Indian meal;--or is it accidental, and to be avoided?" A few months later he writes again----

"Stillmore interesting is the barrel of genuine Corn Ears,--Indian Cobs of eatible grain, from the barn of Emerson himself! It came all safe and right, according to your charitable program; without cost or trouble to us, of any kind; Not without curious interest and satisfaction! The recipes duly weighed by the competent jury of housewives (at least by my wife and Lady Ashton), were judged to be of decided promise."---

In respect to the latter gift Carlyle writes:

"For many years back, a thought, which I used to check again as fond and silly, has been occasionally present to me,--Of testifying my gratitude to New England (New England, acting mainly through one of her Sons called Waldo Emerson), by bequeathing to it my poor Falstaff Regiment, latterly two Falstaff Regiments of Books, those I purchased and used in writing Cromwell, and ditto those on Friedrich the Great. "This could be done," I often said to myself, "this could perhaps; and this would be a real satisfaction to me. But who then would march through Coventry with such a set!" The extreme insignificance of the Gift, this and nothing else, always gave me pause." - - - - - - - - - - - -

And Emerson replies:

"It is very amiable and noble in you to have kept this surprise for us in your old days. Did you mean to show us that you could not be old, but immortally young? and having kept us all murmuring at your satires and sharp homilies, will now melt us with this manly and heart-warming embrace? Nobody could predict and none could better it. And you shall even go your own gait henceforward with a blessing from us all, and a trust exceptional and unique. I do not longer hesitate to talk to such good men as I see of this gift, and it has in every ear a gladdening effect. People like to see character in a gift, and from rare character the gift is more precious. I wish it may be twice blest in continuing to give you the comfort it will give us."

There is probably nothing which shows their friendship and appreciation of eachothers genius better than their criticism of the others work as it appears. For instance, Carlyle writes:

"Your little azure colored "Nature" gave me true satisfaction. You say it is the first chapter of something greater. I call it rather the Foundation and Ground-plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build. It is the true Apocalypse, this when the "Open Secret" becomes revealed to man. I rejoice much in the glad serenity of soul with which you look out on this wonder-

ous Dwelling-place of yours and mine,--with an ear for the Ewigen Melodien, which pipe in the winds around us, and utter themselves forth in all sounds and sights and things: Not to be written down by gamut-machinery; but which all right writing is a kind of an attempt to write down. You will see what the years will bring you. My Friend Emerson, alone of all the voices out of America, has sphere-music in him for me,--alone of them all hitherto; and is a prophecy and sure dayspring in the East; immeasurably cheering to me."

Doubtless one of Emerson's best appreciations of Carlyle in the following on "Past and Present", to be found in his Diary.--

"How many things this book of Carlyle gives us to think! It is a brave grappling with the problem of the times, no luxurious holding aloof, as is the custom of men of letters, who are usually bachelors and not husbands in the state, but Literature here has thrown off his gown and descended into the open lists. The gods are come among us in the likeness of men. An honest Iliad of English woes. Who is he that can trust himself in the fray? Only such as cannot be familiarized, but nearest seen and touched is not seen and touched, but remains inviolate, inaccessible, because a higher interest, the politics of a higher sphere, bring him here and environ him, as the Ambassador carries his country with him. Love protects him from profanation. What a book this in its relation to English privileged estates! How shall Queen Victoria read

this? How the Primate and Bishop of England? how the Lords? how the Colleges? how the rich? and how the poor? Here is a book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat, and every lord and lordship and high form and ceremony of English conservatism tossed like a football into the air, and kept in the air with merciless rebounds and kicks, and yet not a word in the book is punishable by statute. The wit has eluded all official zeal, and yet these dire jokes, these cunning thrusts, this flaming sword of cherubim waved high in air illuminates the whole horizon and shows to the eyes of the universe every wound it inflicts. Worst of all for the party attacked, it bereaves them beforehand of all sympathy by anticipating the plea of poetic and humane conversation and impressing the reader with the conviction that Carlyle himself has the truest love for everything old and excellent, and a genuine respect for the basis of truth in those whom he exposes. Gulliver among the Lilliputians.- Carlyle must write thus or nohow, like a drunken man who can run, but cannot walk. What a man's book is that! no prudences, no compromises, but a thorough independence. A masterly criticism on the times. Fault perhaps the excess of importance given to the circumstances of to day. The poet is here for this, to dwarf and destroy all merely temporary circumstance and to glorify the perpetual circumstance of men, e.g. dwarf British Debt and raise Nature and social life. But everything

must be done well once; even bullentins and almanacs must have one excellent and immortal bullentine and almanac. So let Carlyle's be the immortal Newspaper."

This sincere sympathy and friendship of Carlyle and Emerson is extremely interesting but by far the most interesting and important thing about them is their philosophy of life, in the ideals of which they are alike and yet different. Both writers devoted their lives to preaching the divinity of man, in urging him to live, to be true to himself, and independent of all cant, tradition and custom,; both are deeply religious and both teach the brotherhood of man. Thus Emerson writes:

"The great truths are always at hand and all the tragedy of individual life is separated how thinly from that universal nature which obliterates all ranks, all evils, all individual ties. How little of you is in your will? above your will how intimately are you related to all of us! In God we meet." And Carlyle quotes:

"There is but one Temple in the world", says Novalis, "and that temple is the body of man. Nothing is holier than his high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body." The mighty Teufelsdröckh again remarks:-"In vain thou deniest it--thou art my brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish lies thou tell'st of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted

Sympathy? Were I a steam engine, woulds't thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded whether badly or well."

As is to be expected their philosophy is embodied in their writings. But not only are their writings characteristic of their respective authors in sentiment only, but also in style. Neither Carlyle nor Emerson have true style, but their sentence structure structure is perfect. Emerson is always cited as the master of the epigram. He is smoother, more polished and much calmer than is Carlyle. Both writers lack coherence but both are extremely forceful.

"Better be a nettle in your friend's side than his echo."--"There is nothing real or useful that is not the seat of war."-- "Character is motive in the highest form, the habit of fronting facts."-- "A man can never be praised or insulted", are typical of Emerson's Conciseness. Carlyle's pages are dotted with exclamation and question marks, while every other letter is a capital. They contain "genuine thunder, which nobody that wears ears , can effect to mistake for the rumbling of cart wheels." To quote from "Sartor Resartus":

"The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole Mécanique Céleste and Hegel's Philosophy, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,--is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have

Eyes look through him, then he may be useful."

"Would'st thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart: wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetica Understanding, what will grow there?"

Both writers not only teach but inspire. Emerson goes calmly on and expects the reader to be courteous enough to follow, while Carlyle is forever turning around and jerking him up. The following is Emerson's description of Carlyle's writing, which seems equally good of his own:

"All is well and strongly said, and as the words are barbed and feathered, the memory of men cannot choose but carry them whithersoever men go. His letters are stringent epistles of bark and steel and mellow wine."

Carlyle sets forth his great doctrines of Work, Faith, Sincerety and Self-confidence in his"Sartor Resartus", "Heroes and Hero-Worship", "Characteristics" and other of his essays and biographies,--and Emerson the same doctrines, differing only in mystical idealism, in his "Representative Men" and his Essays on "Self-Reliance, "Character" "Compensation", "Friendship", "Heroism","Prudence" "Nature", "The American Scholar", "The Oversoul", the "Transcendentalist","Idealism" and others. Both were independent preachers, urging much that was revolutionary. Carlyle's characterization of the Ninteenth Century England shows what he felt to be the needs of the time.

"My heart is sick and sore in behalf of my own poor generation; Nay, I feel withal as if the one hope of help for it consisted in the possibility of new Cromwells and new Puritans. This is a wretched, fleering , sneering, canting, twaddling, God-forgetting generation. For Cant does lie piled on us, high as the zenith; an Augean Stable with the poisonous confusion piled so high; which, simply if there once could be nothing said, would mostly dwindle like summer snow gradually about its business, and leave us free to use our eyes again! When I see painful Professors of Greek, poring in their sumptuous Oxfords over dead Greek for a thousand years or more, and leaving live English all the while to develop itself under charge of Pickwicks and Sam Wellers, as if it were nothing and the other were all things, this and the like of it everywhere, fills me with reflections! Good Heavens, will the people not come out of their wretched Old-Clothes Monmouth-Streets, Hebrew and others; but lie there dying of the basest pestilence, dying and as good as dead!"

And as he breaks forth in"Characteristics":-

"The healthy know not of ther health, but only the sick--this is the Physician's Aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say he holds no less in moral, intellectual, political and poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that whereever, or in what shape so ever, powers of the sort, which can be named vital are at work, herein lies the test of their working right or working wrong."

Thus he goes through all of the English life and thought, testing their health by their unconsciousness, and urging men to awake, free themselves from cant and live.- - - - - - "Unity and agreement is always silent, or soft-voiced; it is only discord that loudly proclaims itself. So long as the several elements of life are fitly adjusted, can pour forth their movement, like harmonious tuned strings, it is melody and Life from its mysterious fountains flows out as in celestial music and diapason, which also, like that other music of the spheres even because it is perennial and complete without interruption and without imperfection, might be fabeled to escape the ear. - The beginning of inquiry is disease. The Tree of Knowledge springs from the root of evil and bears fruit of good and evil. Had Adam remained in Paradise, there had been no Anatomy and no Metaphysics.- - -- - - - Life is, in a few instances and at rare intervals the diapason of a heavenly melody; oftenest the fierce jar of disruption and convulsions, which do what we will there is no disregarding. Nevertheless such is the wish of Nature on our behalf, in all vital action, her manifest purpose and effort is that we should be unconscious of it, and like the peptic Countryman never know that we"have a system". For indeed vital action everywhere is emphatically a means not an end; Life is not given us for the mere sake of living, but always with an ulterior external aim:neither is it on the process,or the means, but rather on the result, that Nature in any

of her doings is want to intrust us with insight and volition."

"Genius is ever a secret to itself.--Shakspeare takes no airs for writing Hamlet and the Tempest, understands not that it is anything surprising: Milton again, is more conscious of his faculty which is accordingly an inferior one."

"The true force is the Unconscious one. The healthy understanding is not the Logical, Argumentative, but the Intuitive,--for the end of Understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe. Oratory is Natural, Rhetoric Artificial. To all forms of Intellect, whether directed to the finding of Truth, or to the fit imparting thereof; to Poetry to Eloquence, to depth of Insight, which is the basis of both of these; always the characteristic of right performance is a certain spontaniety, an unconsciousness . Of Wrong we are always conscious, of Right never."

"If in any sphere of man's life, then in the Moral sphere, as the inmost and most vital of all, is it good that there be wholeness; that there be unconsciousness, which is the evidence of this. Whoso is acquainted with his worth has but a little stock to cultivate. Where there is great preaching there is little almsgiving. When Virtue, properly socalled, has ceased to be practised and become extinct, and a mere remembrance, we have the Era of the Sophists, descanting of its existence, proving it, mechanically accounting for it, as dissectors and demonstrators cannot operate till once the body be dead. Thus Moral genius like true Intellectual, which in-

deed is but a lower phrase thereof, is ever a secret to itself." Loyalty like patriotism is never praised until it begins to decline.

"Truth in our time" Carlyle continues "is forgotten. Religion had become conscious of itself, listens to itself, becomes less and less creative, vital, more and more mechanical. Literature listens to itself. Never since the beginning of Time was there so intensely self-conscious a Society. Present society, were it not by nature immortal and its death ever a new birth, would appear to some sick to dissolution and writhing in its last agony."

But in spite of all this Carlyle has confidence in man and faith in the future. He says:"Thus all Poetry, Worship, Art, Society, as one form passes into another. Nothing is lost: it is but the superficial, as it were, the body only that grows obsolete and dies, under the mortal body lies a soul which is immortal, which anew incarnates itself in a fairer revelation . The Present is the living sumtotal of the whole Past. Out of all evil comes good and no good that is possible but shall one day be real."

As "Characteristics" preaches Carlyle's doctrine of Unconsciousness or Spontaniety,-- so "Heroes and Hero-Worship" preaches Sincerity and Work. In these six lectures the Hero, as a Divinity, a Prophet, a Poet, a Priest, a Man of Letters and a King is treated, but in no case does he represent his heroes as perfect and only in part as ideal, but they are men who are

characterized by deep sincerity and who dared to do. "To unfold yourself, to work what thing you have the faculty for, it is a necessity for the human being, the first of our existence. In a word where there is much to be done and little to be known, see how you will do it. Courage and the faculty to do is Virtue--these are the heroic qualities. As to the work and influence of great men Carlyle says:

"Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of great men who have worked here. They are the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns and in a wide sense creators of whatsoever the general mass of men continued to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of Thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may be justly considered, were the history of these: We cannot look however imperfectly upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light fountain which is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled light only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain of Native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness,--in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

In speaking of religion Carlyle voices the same sentiment as William James:

"It is well said, in every sense that a man's religion was the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation's of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church creed which he professes but the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough without even asserting to himself, much less to others) the theory a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to the Mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there that is in all cases the primary thing for him, creatively determining the rest." And so the most important thing about ancient people was their religion. Odin is taken as the representative of the Hero as a Divinity. And to the current theories that to those ancient people their mythology was an Allegory and Odin unreal, Carlyle answers:

"Men are born enemies of lies: They never did believe in idle songs, never risked their soul's life on Allegorics--?an's life never was a sport to him, it was a stern reality. Their worship was transcendent wonder and was in the highest sense genuine." "Odin was the man among them with the power to see, to think, and to do, valorous and kind, in fact a Hero."-- Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a great man. Great men are still admirable! I say there is at bottom nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the

breast of man. To me there is something in the Norse system very genuine, great and man-like, a broad symplicity and rusticity. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep rude earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face to face, and heart to heart inspection of the things--the first characteristicof all good Thought in all times,--Not graceful lightness, half sport as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homily truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange after our beautiful Apollo statues and dear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods brewing ale. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

"Untamed Thought, great giant like, enormous; to be tamed in due time into compact greatness, not giantlike, but Godlike, and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakspeares the Goethes! Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors. No great man lives in vain, had Odin and his Mythology been allegory it had died--Quackery gives birth to nothing, gives death to all things."

"The most precious gift that heaven can give to the earth; a man of genius as we call it; the soul of a man actually sent from the skys with God's message to us."--and Mohamet with all his faults was a sincere prophet a true hero,--for he possessed a sincerity--"a deep, great, genuine sincerity--he was able to look through the shows of things into the things."--The question in this life is not "How much chaff is in you but whether you have any wheat"--There was wheat in Mohamet for--"what is better than itself cannot put away, but only what is

worse. It is calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,--sugar plums of any kind, in this world or in the next! In the meanest mortal there lives something nobler------. Not by flattering our appetites: no by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any religion gain followers." The Koran came from the heart and therefore continued to reach other hearts--its chief characteristic is its genuiness--"It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul; rude untutored, that cannot even read; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words." "Belief is great and life giving--there is no God but God--Allah akban--sounds through the souls of these dusky millions-- to the Arabian Nation it was a birth from darkness into light-- The great man is always as lightening out of Heaven; the rest of men wait for him like fuel, and then they too flame."

"The Poet is the heroic figure belonging to all ages, whom all ages possess when once he is produced, whom the newest age as the oldest may produce and will produce always when nature pleases. Poetry we may call a musical Thought. The poet is he who thinks in that manner. At bottom it turns still on the power of intellect, it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it." Sincerity in poetry also is the measure of worth. According to Carlyle "Dante's Divine Comedy" is the sincerest of all poems; it teaches that through suffering

we become perfect. Intensity is the prevailing characteristic of Dante's genius--he is great not because he is world wide but world deed. "True sould in all generations of the world who look on this Dante will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts,his woes and hopes will speak likewise to their sincerity, they will feel that this Dante too, was a brother.-- Nothing so endures as a truly spoken word. All Cathedrals, pontificalities brass and stone, and outer arrangement never so lasting, are brief in comparison to an unfathomable heart song like this: one feels it might survive still of importance to men, when these had all sunk into new irrecognisable combinations, and had ceased individually to be. Europe has made much, great cities, great empires, encyclopaedias, creeds, bodies of opinion and practise: but it has made little of the class of Dante's Thought. Homer yet is, veritably present face to face with every open soul of us--and Greece, where is it? Desolate for thousands of years--------Greece except in the words it spoke, is not."

"Mohamet speaks to the great masses of men in the coarse dialect adapted to such; a dialect filled with inconsistences, crudities, follies; on the great masses alone he can act, and there with good and evil strangely blended.-- Dante speaks to the noble and pure and great in all times and places-" and yet both are heroes-- "Let a man do his work: the fruit of it is in the care of another than he."

"As Dante the Italian Man was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe in its Inner Life; so Shakspeare embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world men then had. Two fit men: Dante deep, fierce as the central fire of the world, Shakspere, wide, placid, farseeing as the sun, the upper light of the world."--- "Can a man say, Fiat Lux, and out of Chaos make a world? Precisely as there is light in himself, will he accomplish this."

"To the seeing eye nature is discernible. The degree of vision that dwells in a man is the correct measure of him. Nature with her truth, remains to the bad to the selfish and the pusillanimous, forever a sealed book: what such can know of nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely. Without morality, intellect were impossible for him, a thoroughly immoral man could not know anything at all. If I therefore say that Shakspere is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. Nature's highest reward to a true, simple, great soul that he get thus to be a part of herself."

"Dante fought truly but Shakspere fought truly and conquered,--his unconsciousness is the greatest thing we have done yet."

Carlyle next treats Luther and Knox as the represen-

tatives of the Hero as a Priest. He says:

"The merit of originality is not novelity, it is sincerity. A man embraces Truth with his eyes open. Hero worship never dies--Nor can die--loyalty and sovereignity are everlasting in this world, and there is this in them that they are not grounded on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities. It is the property of every hero in every place, time and situation that he come back to reality, that he stand upon things and not upon the shows of things."

"The outward shape of a Hero depends upon his time and environment. When Belief waxes uncertain, Practise too becomes unsound, and errors, injustices and miseries everywhere more and more prevail. A man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly. No thought that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man, but was an honest insight into God's truth, on Man's part, and has an essential truth in it which endures through all ages, an everlasting possession for us all. Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's Captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the Empire of Darkness and Wrong? Luther's battle voice, Dante's march melody--all genuine things are with us, not against us."

"It is not honest inquiry that makes anarchy; but it is enor, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make it. Formulism, Pagan Poperism and other Falsehood and corrupt semblance had ruled long enough. And here once more was a man

found who durst tell men that God's world stood not on semblances, but on realities, that life was a Truth not a Lie! The Old never dies till all the Soul of Good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical New. Luther [illegible] to work, an Epic poem not to write one,--he is a truly great man, great in intellect, courage, affection and integrity, one of our most lovable and precious men. Great not as a hewn obelisk, but an Alpine mountain, so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all, there for quite another purpose than being great! The weak thing, weaker than a child becomes strong one day if it be a true thing." Knox like Luther is remarkable for his Truth, his Sincerity and the firmness of his convictions.

"A cause the noblest of causes kindles itself like a beacon set on high, high as Heaven, yet attainable from earth; whereby the meanest man becomes not a citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible church; a veritable hero, if he prove a true man. There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God created soul which will be true to its origin, that will be a great soul."

The Hero as a Man of Letters is represented by Johnson, Rousseau, Burns--These men fought and were sincere.

"Since the spiritual determines the material, the Man of Letters Hero is our most important modern person. Fichte calls him the priest who is continually unfolding the Godlike to men." "In Books lie the soul of the whole Past Time; the

articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. The Books of Greece! There Greece to every thinker still very literally, can be called up again into life. No Magic Rune is stronger than a Book. All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men. They still accomplish miracles for they persuade men." "The writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these are the real waking, effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching but even our worship is it not too, accomplished by meansof printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodius words, which brings melody into our hearts, is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shows us better than we knew before, that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show us an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe? Literature is an apocalypse of Nature, a revealing of the Open Secret."

"For a genuine man it is no evil to be poor, there ought to be Literary men poor, to show whether they are genuine or not. We need not wonder that none of these three men arose to victory--that they fought truly is the highest praise. Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise." Johnson was a great soul. "The fault and misery of Rousseau, was what we

easily name by a single word, Egoism, which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. Still once more out of the element of that withered, mocking Philosophism, Scepticism and Persiflage, there has arisen in this man the ireadicable feeling of Knowledge that this life of ours is true, not a sceplicism Theorem, or a Persiflage, but a Fact, an auful Reality. Nature had made the revelation to him and ordered him to speak it out. He got it spoken out, if not well and clearly, then ill and dimly--as clearly as he could. Rousseau was a contracted hero but was heartily in earnest, but had neither depth, width nor calm force for difficulty."

"The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in tha shape of a hardhanded Scotch Peasant. His father was a silent hero and poet, fighting like an unseen hero; however he was not lost, nothing is lost, and Robert is the outcome of him, and indeed of ammy generations of such as him." Burns is characterized by sincerity--his speech was distinguished by always having something in it. "The world has to obey him who thinks and sees in the world."

Carlyle's remarks on Cromwell and Napoleon as the Hero-King are extremely characteristic of his philosophy. He says:

(Sartor) "The only title where I, with confidence, trace eternity, is that of King. König (King), anciently Könning, means Kenning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King-" (the ability to do). "King--the able man, Worship--worth-ship.

We can never do without great men. Great men by nature are sons of Order not disorder. All human things, even the maddest French Sansculottism do and must work towards Order. Disorder is dissolution; death--No Chaos but it seeks a center to revolve round.--Divine, take it on a great scale means divine might."

"All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue, unsuitable ones. As the breifest definition, one might say,: Form which grow around a substance will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true and good, forms which we consciously put around a substance bad. The nakedest, savagest reality, I say is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Given the living man there will be found clothes for him--he will find himself clothes. But the suit of clothes pretending that it is both clothes and men-!-We cannot "fight the French"by three hundred thousand red uniforms, there must be men inside of them."

"Cromwell stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat of mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That after all is the sort of man for me. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work without gloves on.

Cromwell was decisive, practical. "The true man is needed to discern even the practical truths. He had lived silent, a great unnamed sea of Thought around him. With a sharp power of vision and a resolute power of action.-- This kind of a man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising, it is seeing and ascertaining."

Of Napoleon Carlyle writes:

"A lie is no-thing,--You cannot of nothing make something; you make nothing at last and loose your labor into the bargain." Napoleon had sincerity and faith, there was an eye to see and a soul to dare and do.-- "The implements to him who can handle them." Self and false ambition became his God, self deception once yielded to, all other deceptions follow naturally more and more. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest. What Napoleon did, will in the long run amount to what he did justly; what nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him, to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and ashes."

"Sartor Resartus", although among Carlyle' earliest works seems to be a summing up of the others. It is the history of the development of the inner or spiritual man and his relation to the Universe. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Professor of "Things in General" at the University of Weissnichtwo, suggests in his "Philosophy of Clothes", that clothes like all

else in the world are but symbols of something greater. He also preaches Work, Sincerity, freedom from cant and the divinity of man. The following express some of his characteristic philosophy:

"Has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the Where and When, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial adhesians to thought, that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the Celestial Everywhere and Forever: have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a universal Here, and Everlasting Now? Think well, thou too will find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there is no Space and Time: We are--we know not what;--light sparkles floating in the aether of Deity! So that in this so solid seeming world, after all were but an air image, our Me the only reality; and Nature with its thousand fold production and destruction, but the reflex of our inward Force, the phantasy of our Dream, or what the Earth-spirit in Faust names it; "the living visible Garment of God."

"To the eye of vulgar logic," says he, "what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason, what is he? A Soul, a Spirit and divine apparition. Round his Mysterious Me, there lies under all those wool rags, a garment of Flesh, (or of senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven whereby he is revealed to his like and dwells with them in Union and Division: and sees and fashions for himself a

Universe, with Asure Starry Spaces and long Thousands of years . Deep hidden is he under that "strange garment," amid Sounds and Colors and Forms as it were, swathed in and inextricably over shrouded. Yet it is a sky woven and worthy of a God. Stands he not therefore in the center of Immensities, in the company of Eternities? He feels power has been given him to know, to believe; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness even here, though but for moments look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of Gold, "The true Shekinah is man": whereelse is the God's Presence manifested, not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow man?"

"Happy is he who can look through the clothes of man (the woolen and fleshy and official Bank paper and State Paper Clothes) into the man himself, and discern it may be, in this or the other dread Potentate, a more or less incomplete Digestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable, venerable mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes."

"Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation: Nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with al is borne foreward on the bottomless , shoreless flood of action and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost; there are forces in it, around it, though working in - verse order, else how could it rot? Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, nor the litter from which the earth

makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself."

"Reverence, thedivinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear. Woulds't thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man; or a Duke's son that only knew there were two and thirty quarters on the family coach?"

"Here are Books and we have brains to read them; here is a whole Earth and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them: Frisch zu! Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the nether empire, and new emissaries are trained with new tactics, to if possible, entrap him and hoodwink and handcuff him."

"Spiritual music can spring only from discord set in harmony, but for evil there were no good, as victory is only possible by battle."

"The end of Man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest."--"Man is properly speaking, based upon hope, he has no other possession but Hope: This world is emphatically the place of Hope."

"Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us: which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments.

Hence too, the folly of that impossible Precept: "Know thyself", till it be translated into this partially possible one: "Know what thou canst work at". For the God given mandate: Work thou in well doing", lies mysteriously written in Promethean Prophetic characters, in our hearts, and leaves us no rest night or day till we deciphered and obeyed, till we burn forth our conduct, a visible acted Gospel of Freedom."

"Conviction were it never so excellent is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action. Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! the second duty will already have become clearer. Work while it is called today. The thing thou seekest is already with thee."

"Custom makes dotards of us all."

"The Lord deliver us from Cant."

"Yes truly if Nature is one and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not."

"Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die, that as thou the origination there of hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. Thus all things wax and roll onwards; arts, establishments, opinions, nothing is completed but ever completing."

As has been said, Both Carlyle and Emerson are deeply religious, although neither profess the religion of creed.

They are both Idealists and preach the divinity of man and his close relation with nature, but Emerson was mystical and his ideas of strong personalities gradually faded. He was a great student of Persian philosophy and was especially influenced by the Geta Book. This is illustrated in his essay on the Over-soul and again in "Representative Men", where he says:

"That which the soul seeks is resolution into being, above form out of Tartarus and out of Heaven--liberation from Nature. God comes to us without a bell, there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul, where man the effect ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of Memory, of Calculation of Comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a Faculty but a light; is not the Intellect or the Will but the master of the Intellect and Will; it is the vast background of our being, in which they lie--an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed."

It was the Transcendental tendency in Emerson which Carlyle objected to. In speaking of the"Dial"he said: "The 'Dial No. I' came duly: of course I read it with interest: it is an utterance of what is purest, youngest in your land; pure etherial as the voices of the morning! And yet you know me--for me it is too etherial, speculative, theoretic: all theory

becomes more and more confessedly inadequate, untrue, unsatisfactory, almost a kind of mockery! I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body if they are to have my sympathy. Surely I could wish you returned into your own poor nineteenth century, its follies and maladies, its blind or half-blind, but gigantic toilings, its laughter and its tears and trying to evolve in the same measure, the hidden Godlike that lies in it;--that seems to me the kind of feat for literary men. A man has no right to say to his own generation, turning quite away from it, "Be dam! it is the whole Past and the whole Future, the same cotton-spinning, dollar hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation period of ours. Come back into it I tell you."

In all probability it is this mystic attitude which tends to remove Emerson from ordinary men. He says that an aristocracy of Character and Intellect is the only aristocracy, but--, it is an aristocracy. To Carlyle, there were no "common men," any one with the will to do was to him a hero. Plato the Thinker were Emerson's ideal,--Cromwell the Fighter was Carlyle's.

Emerson also believes in Great Men. To Carlyle they are "Heroes", to Emerson they are "Representative"--as to their influence and uses he says:

"It is natural to believe in great men. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men, they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such

a society and actually or ideally, we manage to live with superiors. The search after the great is the dream of youth, the most serious occupation of manhood. Man can paint or make or think nothing but man."

"Man is that noble endogenous plant which grows like the palm from within outward. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty, he has but to open his eyes to see things in their true light and in large relations; while they must make painful corrections and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. He is great who is what he is from nature, and he never reminds us of others."

" A sound apple produces seed, a hybrid does not. Is a man in his place he is constructive, fertile, magnetic, inundating armies with his purpose, which is thus executed. The river makes its own shores, and each legitimate idea its own channels. Right ethics are central and go from the soul outward. Gift is contrary to the law of the Universe. Serving others is serving us. Behmen and Swedengorg saw that things are representative, Men are also representative, first of things and second of ideas."

"A man is the center for Nature, running out threads of relation through everything, fluid and solid, material and elemental. The earth rolls; every clod and stone comes to the meridian; so every organ, function, acid, crystal, grain of dust has its relation to the brain. It waits long but its turn

comes. Each material thing has its Celestial side; has its translation through humanity into the spiritual and necessary sphere, where it plays a part as indestructible as any other. And to these their ends all things continually ascend. Man made of the dust of the world does not forget his origin, and al that is as yet inanimate will one day speak and reason. Unpublished nature will have its whole secret out."

"Men are helpful through therr intelects and affections. Other help I find a false appearance. Life is a sincerity. With each new mind a new secret of nature transpires; nor can the Bible be closed until the last great man is born. An age is the instructor of an hundred ages."

"I admire great men of all classes, those who stand for facts and for thoughts; I like rough and smooth, "Scourges of God" and "Darlings of the Human Race"--Charles V of Spain and Charles XII of Sweeden; Richard Plantagenet and Bonaparte in France. I applaud a sufficient man, an officer equal to his office, captains, ministers and senators."

"The best discovery the discoverer makes for himself. Deity dressed each soul which he sends into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable to other men, and sending it to perform one more turn through the circle of beings, wrote "Not transferable, and good for this trip only", on these garments of the soul. Great men exist that there may be greater men."

"Six of the men of history whom Emerson deems worthy of being called Representative are: Plato the Philosopher, Swedenborg theMystic, Montaigne the Skeptic, Shakspeare the Poet, Napoleon the Man-of-the-World, and Goethe the Writer,--the men are representative of human thought and tendencies, rather than of actions. These men were chosen because they were powers and influenced the life and thought of people,--they did something in the world,and therefore lived.

Plato and Socrates because they were great and powerful thinkers were among Emerson's favorites. The following quotations are typical of Emerson's attitude toward these his Representative men. Of Plato he says:

"His broad humanity transcended sectional lines, like all great men he consumed his times. Every man who would do anything well must come to it from higher ground. His breadth enables him to stand as a representative of Philosophy.

Of Swedenborg:

"The solution of Whence? What? and Whither is in a life, not a book."

"As it is easier to see the reflection of the great sphere in large globes, though defaced by some crack or blemish, than in a drop of water, so men of large calibre, though with some eccentricity or madness, like Pascal or Newton, hel us more than barren mediocre minds. Swedenborg lived to purpose, he gave a verdict. He elected goodness as the clue to which the soul must cling, in all this labyrinth of Nature."

Montaigne, in spite of his doubt, was so divinely human that he is a general favorite. Emerson says of him:

"Here is an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretense of any kind, a furious disgust at appearances. He stood for truth; the sincerity and marrow of the man reaches his sentences--if you cut his words they will bleed, they are vascular and alive." In spite of his skeptical question "What do I know?" he believed that:

"Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toils and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irristibly streams."

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."

Of Shakspeare Emerson says:

"Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by origionality. The hero is in the press of Knight and the thick of events; and seeing what men want and sharing their desires, he adds the needful strength of sight and of arm to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man."

"The genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and will not have any individual great except through the general."

Emerson illustrates his own method of writing in the following:

"Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all, in being altogether receptive;

in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind."

In this Passive idea, Emerson again differs from Carlyle, whose ground principle was activity. Shakspeare was able to use whatever he found. He had boundless sympathy and his finest poetry is the result of experience.

"In ecutive faculty, in creation Shakespeare is unique. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain and think from thence; but not into Shakspeare. We are still out of doors."

"Napoleon, the Man of the World, is representative of the class of industry and skill. He was the prophet of the spirit of commerce , money, and material power."

"He had the directness of action never before combined with so much comprehension. He was the man who in each moment knew what to do next."

"Napoleon had been first man of the world had his ends been purely public. He knew no impediment to his will. There have been many working kings from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive, without moral principle."

Of Goethe the Writer Emerson says:

"Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own manners and face. Nature has duly at heart, the formation of the speculative man or scholar and Goethe represents their powers and duties. If I were to

compare action of a much higher strain, with a life of contemplation, I should not venture to pronounce with much confidence in favor of the former. That man seeth, who seeth that the speculative and practical doctrines are one. Great action must draw on spiritual nature. The measure of action is the sentiment from which it preceeds. The greatest actions may easily be one of the most private circumstances."

"Goethe was the philosopher of this multiplicity; hundred handed, Argus eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and sciences, and by his own versatility to dispose of them with ease; a manly mind unembarassed by the variety of coats of convention with which life has got encrusted, easily able by his subtility to pierce these and to draw his strength from nature with which he lived in full communion. He sees out of every pore of his skin and has certain gravitation towards truth. He has extreme impatience for congecture and rhetoric,--a controlling sincerity. Piety itself is no aim but only a means, whereby through purest inward peace, we may attain the highest culture. I join Goethe with Napoleon as being both representative of the impatience and reaction of nature against the morgue of conventions. They were strong realists who with their scholars, have severally set the axe at the root of cant and seeming for this time and for all time."

More of Emerson's practical philosophy is to be found in his Essays. He would have a man prudent, self-reliant and with a great character,--in sympathy with nature, fond of books,

fond of solitude and yet he felt deeply the brotherhood of man. Emerson is one of the greatest preachers of race solidariety. Like Carlyle he has the greatest confidence in the ul timate good in man, and in order to really live, self development according to the "inner light" is necessary. In Self Reliance Emerson preaches:

"Who so would be a man , must be a nonconformist, nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own minds. What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts. Abide by spontaneous impressions."

"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction is ignorance; that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion, that though the wide Universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him, but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know till he has tried it. Trust thyself--every heart vibrates to that iron string.

According to Emerson Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or over set.----- Truth is the summit

of being, justice is the application of it to affairs, "character" is the moral order seen through the medium of an individual "nature."

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong. The natural measure of their power is resistance of circumstance,--no change of circumstance can repair a defect in character."

Of Prudence he says:- "Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live. Our world of actions to be fair must be timely. Scatter brain and afternoon men spoil much more than their own affairs than in spoiling the temper of those with whom they deal."

"The prudent man sees that as much wisdom may be expended on a private economy as on an empire, and as much wisdom may be drawn from it. There is nothing he will not be better for knowing, were it only the wisdom of Poor Richard or the State Street prudence of buying by the acre to sell by the foot, or the thrift of the agriculturist, to stick a tree between two whiles because it will grow whilst he sleeps; or the prudence which consists in husbanding little strokes of the tool, little portions of time, particles of stock and small grain. The eye of prudence never shuts."

"Let the prudent man learn also the prudence of a higher strain,--that everything in nature goes by law and not by luck and that what he sows he reaps. Let his words be words of fate."

"Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them

greatly and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade."

Compensation--the inevitable result of conduct.--"A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions with every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished by fear."

"You must pay at last your own debt--benefit is the end of nature. He is base, and that is the one base thing in the Universe, to receive favors and render none. The history of persecution is the history of endeavors to cheat nature."

"There can be no excess to Love, none to Knowledge, none to Beauty; when these attributes are considered in their pureset sense. The soul refuses limits and always affirms a Optimism never a Pessimism. Man's life is progress not a station, his instinct is trust."

Of the effect of "Nature" on man Emerson writes: "At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls of his back whith this first step he makes into these precincts. It seems as if the day were not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object.

"The cool disengaged air of natural objects makes

them enviable to us, chafed and irritable creatures with red faces, and we think we shall be as grand as they if we camp out and eat roots, but let us be men instead of woodchucks and the oak and the elm shall gladly serve us, though we sit in chairs of ivory and walk on carpets of silk; man carries the world in his head."

From "Heroism":- "O Friend, never strike sail to a fear, come into port greatly or sail with God the seas."

"The characteristic of Heroism is persistency."

"Greatness once and forever is done with opinion."

Emerson again reaches extreme idealism in his essay on Friendship.

"Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affections. The laws of friendship are great and austere and external, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. The soul enriches itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self acquaintance or solitude."

The American Scholar is considered one of Emerson's greatest essays, in it he says:

"Books are the best things well used, abused among the worst. They are to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul,--the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to, this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed and is yet unborn."

"The eyes of man are set in his forehead not in his hind word.-- Man hopes, genius creates."

"The final value of action like that of books is that it is a resource. Character is higher than intellect,-- thinking is the function, living the functionary.

"Success treads on every right step. In self trust all the virtues are comprehended. Fear always springs from ignorance. The world is his who can see through its pretences. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what over grown error you behold, is there only by sufferance, by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it a mortal blow. The world is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come around him."

From the ideal expressed in the foregoing we are lead to agree with Carlyle that the "rock strata" of himself and Emerson "miles deep" are united, and that two souls are at one." Their philosophy comprehends all the modern ideals, and we feel that they are "Heroes" and "Representative Men" in the highest sense. The following from Characteristics illustrates their attitude:

"He that has an eye and a heart can even now say: Why should I falter? Light has come into the World; to such as love Light, so as Light must be loved, with a boundless all doing, all enduring love. For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which, through all the ages we shall only

read here a line of, then another line of. Do we not already know the name of the Infinite is Good, is God? Here on Earth we are Soldiers, fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the Campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done, Let us do it like Soldiers; with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Behind us, behind each one of us, lie Six Thousand Years of human effort, human conquest; before us is boundless Time, with its, as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars."

"My inheritance how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed field, of Time I'm heir."